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APRIL 1947

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By G. ASHTON OLDHAM

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By THEODORE P. FERRIS

'Not by Might, Nor by Power'
By WINTHROP S. HUDSON

'A Place Called Golgotha'
By VIRGIL A. KRAFT

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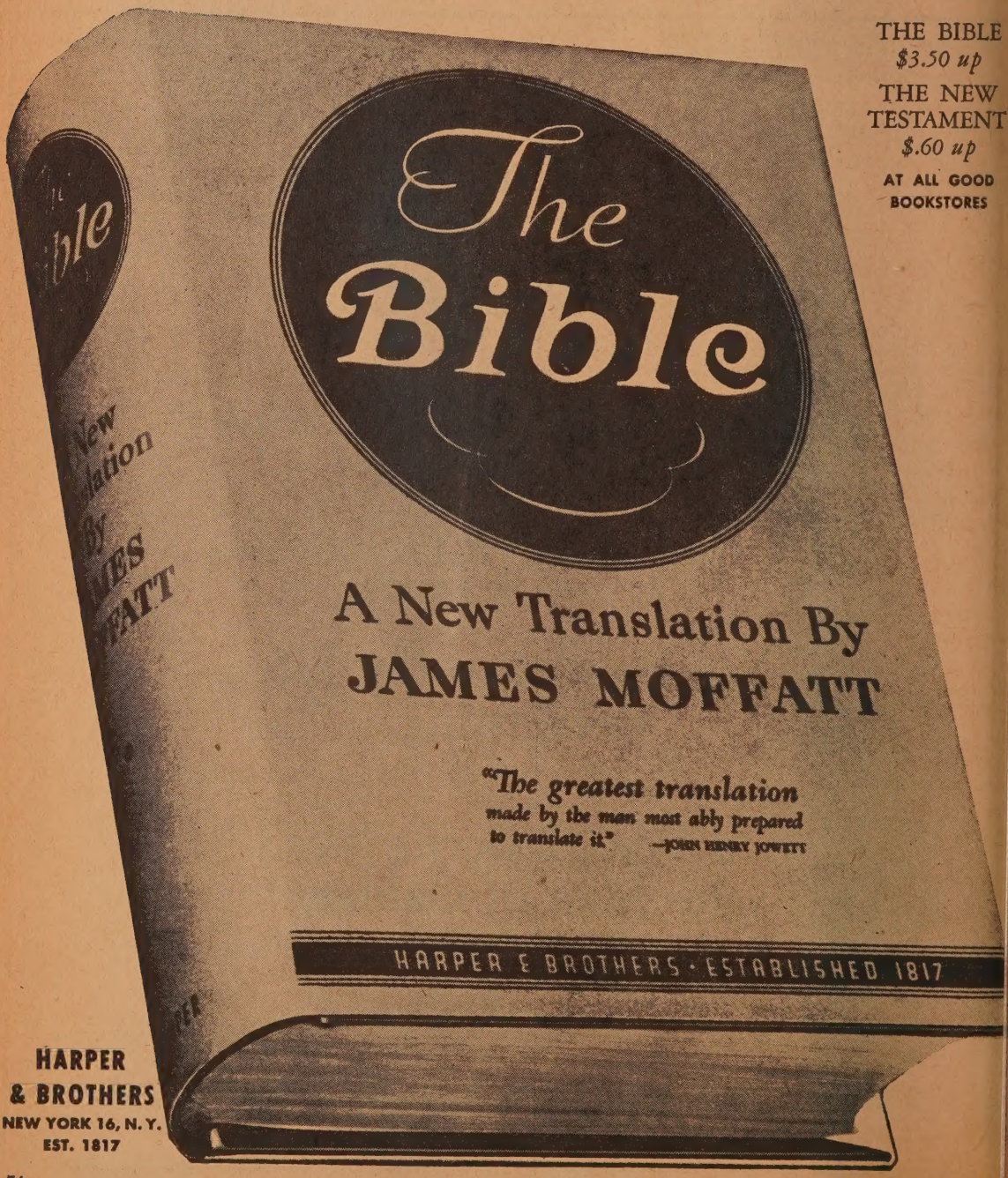
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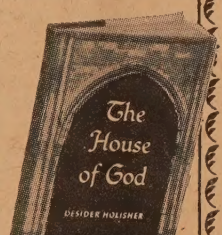

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Sermon Illustrations

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The Old, Old Story

I was looking at the four great mural panels in the R.C.A. building, Radio City, N. Y. Painted by Frank Brangwyn, these murals depict the three great periods in man's conquest of the physical world, suggesting the nature of his more tremendous destiny. Finally, I studied the panel which appealed to me most forcibly. Around a hill is a large crowd of people—a typical cross section of humanity. They were looking up to the figure of Christ. In the lower left hand corner the artist had painted these words of simple faith: "Man's ultimate destiny depends not upon whether he can learn new lessons or make new discoveries and conquests, but on his acceptance of the lesson taught him two thousand years ago."—*Don E. Smucker, Princeton Seminary.*

Testimony from a Layman

A few weeks ago Henry R. Luce, publisher of *Time* and *Life* magazines and a member of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City, said to a gathering of churchmen in that city: "It is my conviction that the only money which has any significant chance to turn the tide in the present crisis throughout the world, the only money that can turn this crisis into another triumph of the human spirit, is money which is given in Christ's name, administered by his ministers and his services."—*Frederick A. Roblee, First Presbyterian Church, Bay City, Mich.*

The Bible—Better Than Psychology

Dr. Henry C. Link, a psychologist who a few years ago returned to the church and active Christianity, tells of an interview he had with a man whose morale had dropped to a hopeless low. This man confessed: "I am at the end of my rope. Nothing gives me pleasure. I don't like to read, travel, fish, hunt — anything. My friends bore me. Always worrying about my physical condition — my heart, blood pressure, wind. The doctor says I'm sound, that the whole thing is psychological. I've read all the books on psychology I could find, but I can't find my case."

Dr. Link told the weary man that his case was not in psychology but in the Bible. The man asked, "What do you mean?" Dr. Link replied: "Just what Jesus Christ and the New Testament and all other great books of religion mean. If you spend your time trying to save yourself, you lose yourself. If you give yourself to serve your fellow men, you find yourself." Upon the advice of Dr. Link this man began to read the Bible and to practice the principle of vicarious living. He gave himself to service in work with boys. His body was restored, but better than that his soul was restored. He had found his life through service.—*Murray A. Figg, First Methodist Church, Carrollton, O.*

'He Bore Our Sins'

Peter tells us that "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree." That is a hard saying for many. Surely there is no way that my sins can be transferred to Jesus! No, not in any literal sense. And yet Peter is stating one of the most profound of all truths, which is "true to life."

Some years ago a striking incident was reported in the daily papers. A youth had been put in prison for having committed a crime. His old mother came to visit him and they were left alone in the cell. After a time the bent form of the mother (as the keepers supposed) passed out again through the long corridor and into the open air. But when the turnkey came back to the cell, he found not the culprit but the gray-haired mother, clad in the tattered garments of her son; she was willing to undergo the punishment decreed for her son.

Could any self-respecting court in the land have accepted her selfless offer? The answer is No. His guilt could not be transferred to her, nor could she have wiped out his guilt by spending her life in prison. And yet her very desire to suffer in his stead was a redeeming power in the boy's life that transcended all of the prison terms that could be meted out to him. —*L. L. Dunnington, First Methodist Church, Iowa City, Ia.*

The Spirit of Sacrifice

In Cairo, Egypt, there lives a man who through the years has demonstrated the spirit of self-effacement, though he would be the last to admit it. Several years ago Dr. Claude Barlow, a young physician, went to Shaohing, China, as a medical missionary. There he was confronted with a disease which was rapidly killing off the people and for which he knew no remedy. It was not listed in any medical book of his knowledge. There was no hope of doing research work in Shaohing, which was without lat ratory equipment. So Dr. Barlow cided upon a daring procedure. studied case after case and filled notebook with his observations of t symptoms of his patients. Then took ship for this country, carryi with him a small vial containi "flukes" or germs of the disease. J before disembarking in New Yo harbor, this determined man took i his own body these deadly germs a then, as quickly as possible, made way to Johns Hopkins hospital, wh he had studied. There, a very s man, he presented himself to his f mer professors as a human "guin pig" for their study and experimen tion. By the grace of God Dr. Barl won, and took back to China the s cific for the treatment and control the terrible scourge. In speaking his experience, the doctor brus aside any suggestion of heroism even of personal courage. He s simply: "Anyone would have done same thing. I happened to be in position of vantage and had the cha to offer my body."—*Julius Fischba First Baptist Church, Lansing, Mi*

Bravery in War—and in Pea

Volumes have been written ab the spirit of self-giving that was ma fested on every battlefield of the l war. Some time after the close of war President Truman presented Medal of Honor to Private Desm T. Doss at a White House ceremo This highest military award wh the American government best went to a conscientious objector war. The citation mentioned six oc sions when the youth exposed hims unarmed, to enemy fire in efforts aid wounded men, some of them curring when he himself was seve wounded. Once, while lying on ground badly shot up, he crawled a little and insisted that another m take his place and be carried to saf At Guam, Leyte and Okinawa, cording to his commanding officer, name became a symbol for outstand gallantry.

One wonders what might hap to this poor suffering world if foll ers of the Master could be mobili into a selfless army with banners battle as valiantly in peace as in w If we, citizens of peace, could reveal the courage and consecra shown by "our boys" at Guam, Leyte, at Okinawa!—*L. L. Dunn ton, First Methodist Church, I City, Ia.*

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The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

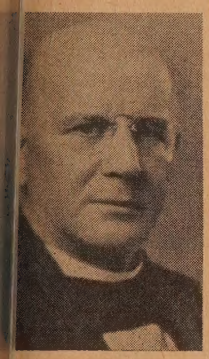
ME XVIII CHICAGO, APRIL, 1947 NUMBER 4

Eternal Life Now

By G. ASHTON OLDHAM

rist is risen from the dead, and become the first- of them that slept. I Corinthians 15:20.

DAY it would seem that a weary and somewhat isillusioned world must turn eagerly and perhaps what wistfully to that first Easter Day, when thing was life, joy, gladness, sunshine and activity. notice how they are all running—the women hurry to the tomb; Mary Magdalene runs to tell the disciples; Peter and John run back to the tomb. An extraordinary and unexpected thing has happened and, as we recall it today, I think we feel, even if it were a fancy, even if it were a myth, it is too good to lose.



And yet it is, as one historian has said, "one of the best attested facts in history." Any candid reader of the documents will see that they are accounts enuine experience. The old theories that had vogue e years ago, of myths and visions, are now utterly redited. There was no predisposing psychological e of mind. On the contrary, the disciples were cal, they were skeptical, they were unready and illing to believe—the very opposite state of mind generating visions. Moreover, the appearances were lifferent people, under different circumstances, in erent places. Above all, the change in the disciples the results in history constitute, I think, the ghtiest evidence. For a group of unlearned, simple, ic individuals, scattered by fear and the death of ir leader, suddenly to turn about as these men did, with such effect that they overturned the mighty man empire, to go through their lives convinced of truth, with ample time to reconsider and give it up, it were a myth—these psychological and historic nomena cannot be accounted for except by some mendous cause.

THE RESURRECTION—AND WE

The existence of the Christian church today is the standing effect, based as it was upon the gospel of resurrection. We have, without going into detail, ndant evidence to satisfy our minds that Jesus rose in from the dead.

Yet in a way I cannot help but think that this thing, event, while it draws us, does not touch us as it uld and does not grip us as it might. It is a long way and I sometimes wonder how much it affects our lives and our characters. So I want to ask you, with me, to see if we can peer a little more deeply into the inner spiritual significance of this event. The average conception I am sure is inadequate, superficial, somewhat naive. We think of something that happened once upon a time, an occurrence in history, an objective fact; and yet a fact, however real, is of itself of little spiritual value. I know we get a little comfort, a great deal of comfort perhaps, in realizing that our loved ones are safe, that we are going to see them again; and we get comfort from the thought that, Christ being the first-fruits, we are going to rise again. But how much does it affect our lives now?

NEW FAITH FOR THE DISCIPLES

I want you to go back and observe the disciples. The earliest accounts of this event are marked with great reticence. As we look back we see that there is not only joy, but something of awe, of bewilderment; they are in the presence of a great mystery, a miracle—bringing back a dead person—but not just that, something more. In the Gospel for the day, St. John gets first to the grave, but he stands at the entrance and will not go in. Not fear alone holds him—he sees that something supernatural has happened, he is in the presence of great spiritual forces, and his mind begins to dwell upon the past experiences and teaching of his Lord as he stands there—what can it all mean?

Again two disciples are walking in the country; a shadow falls across their path, and they are conscious of something, of Someone, with them. They had been thinking about the external side: death, the resurrection, and our Lord's appearance. "O, slow of heart to believe!" And then he opened their eyes and showed them the significance of the stupendous fact and the inner meaning. You remember how they sat together to break bread that evening, and suddenly their eyes were opened; they knew him and he vanished out of their sight. They were communing, talking together, and it is an interesting speculation as to how long they continued their conversation with him after he vanished. Their eyes may have been averted, cast down. It was an intercourse of spirit with spirit in which the physical senses had small part. They felt themselves in the presence of a strange spiritual mystery, something they could not understand.

THE 'FORTY DAYS'

Again, our Lord remained with them forty days. Why? Not just to prove his resurrection, that did not need forty days; not just to give direction for the organization of his church, though that is a very convenient resort for theologians who desire to justify later developments. Of course, he may have done some of this, but it seems to me that during those forty days he was laboring with those rather stupid children to open

their hearts and minds to some of the spiritual things he had told them when with them in the flesh, reminding them of his teachings of the other world, his long night vigils on the mountain, coming back—contrary to human experience—refreshed because he had other bread to eat; reminding them of his consciousness of God, of his dwelling all the time in that eternal world, until their wonder grew and their eyes were opened to catch some of the inner spiritual meaning of what he had been trying to teach them; and then they came to realize what it was that really happened on that first Easter Day.

The outward accompaniments of the resurrection are secondary, but, because of man's incurable materialism, are most dwelt upon. Possibly an angel or an earthquake moved the stone—it doesn't matter much; it was moved not to let Jesus out but to let the disciples in. The grave could not hold him. In fact, according to Scripture, our Lord did not stay in the grave but went preaching to the souls in prison; and when the time came for him to resume his body he went through the sealed entrance of the tomb as easily as he went through the closed doors where the disciples and apostles were assembled on that first night. The grave is a coarse thing, it cannot hold a spiritual being. As Pilate is reputed to have said: "I cannot kill him, empires cannot kill him, he is alive!" Socrates answered when asked, "What shall we do with you when you are dead?"—"Anything you like, if you can catch me." So it was not so much a miraculous thing as a natural and inevitable thing.

'SLOW OF HEART TO BELIEVE'

Because Jesus had lived the eternal life here, even while on earth he dwelt in heaven. In the transfiguration, for example; he might have remained in that other world instead of coming back to endure the cross and passion. It was this present reality of the spiritual world that he tried to get the disciples to see, and today we are almost as dull as they. You cannot kill spirit; you cannot kill God; you cannot kill God-filled life; therein lies the real significance of the resurrection.

What is its practical bearing now upon our lives? As I have said, we are just about as slow of heart to believe as those disciples. It is much easier to accept a miracle, it is much easier to give verbal assent to a belief outside of us, than to undergo the necessary strain and struggle to grasp its spiritual content. We are all slaves to materialistic and space-time thinking. We conceive of this event too much in terms of time. We are thinking that because Jesus Christ rose in time past, at some future time we are going to rise; but Holy Scripture does not give very great warrant for that sort of belief. Eternal life does not mean life unending; nor does it mean just rising again in the future. Eternal life is a thing with which time has really nothing to do. Eternal life is life of a different quality, it is a life lived *now,* or never.

St. Augustine says, with reference to that other land: "We do not go in ships or chariots or on horses or even on foot, but to go thither, nay, even to arrive, is nothing but to will to go." Actually we all live in two worlds, the physical and the spiritual, and constantly oscillate between the two. Every worthy aspiration, all love o truth or beauty, all earnest effort after righteousnes every act of love and every true prayer, are so man excursions into that other world. If we are earnest doing these things, then we are building up in th material body an inner spiritual structure adapted that spiritual environment where it must continue live; the grave can no more hold it than the grave coul hold our Lord himself.

THERE IS NO DEATH

Not only at his resurrection did Jesus enter t spiritual world. He dwelt in it continuously, as we t may do. For those who live in such a world, there is death. This is the plain and repeated teaching of t New Testament—eternal life now, not in some futu Elysian fields. "This is life eternal, to know thee t only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent "He that hath the Son hath life"—*now,* in the preser not at some future time. In Christ we are new creature we are obeying the highest law of our being. "We a passed from death to life," says St. John, "because v love the brethren." "He that believeth in him that se me," says our Lord, "hath eternal life." It is in t present tense.

We take it too easily, and with rather flatteri unction to our souls, that hereafter, somehow, God going to give us the gift of eternal life because we tri to be good. That is the childish way most people thi of it. They are deluding themselves. It is now, if ev we are to enter into eternal life. Life cannot stop a then go on. Eternal life, spiritual being, continu through the grave, because the grave cannot hold The questions we should ask ourselves are: Am I livi the spiritual life *now?* Am I risen from the dead *no* Am I *now* adapting myself to my real environme which is God? Am I living immortally?

JOY OF THE EARLY DISCIPLES

That was the good news of the early church with preaching of Jesus and the resurrection. That is wh made the early Christians so ecstatic, made their joy real, gave them their conquering power—they h acquired a somewhat bewildering but totally differe quality of life. They had entered a new world to wh previously they had been blind. For the first time t really lived.

For those who have no such experience, whose ligion is a thing of codes and rules, of gifts and rewar whose thinking is concerned with outer material thin who are of the earth earthy, to speak of a resurrectio an irrelevance, for there is nothing to survive. But th whose eyes are opened to behold things invisible a unseen, whose thoughts constantly dwell on thi above, who are of those lovers of beauty, seekers af truth, and strivers after goodness, who during th earthly pilgrimage have constructed that buildi amassed that structure invisible, not made with han eternal in the heavenlies, well may shout with St. P his triumphant challenge to the powers of darkne "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is victory?"

Not by Might, Nor by Power'

By WINTHROP S. HUDSON

t by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith ord of Hosts. Zechariah 4:6.

OLY WEEK is a drama in three acts—Palm Sunday, Good Friday and Easter. It is unfore, in a certain sense, that Palm Sunday and r fall on successive Sundays, for the essential ing of the drama is thereby obscured. Both Palm Sunday and Easter call to mind scenes of triumph and exaltation, and coming to church, as many of us do, only from Sunday to Sunday we are apt to forget what lay between. We are apt to forget that the triumph of Palm Sunday was fleeting, and that the triumph of Easter was born of disappointment, defeat and despair.

Palm Sunday is the first act of the drama. It is a glittering backdrop which throws into p relief the somber hues of Good Friday. The ing hosannas and the eager expectations with ch the Holy City welcomed Christ on Palm Sunserve to reveal the full dimensions of the quiet eration that followed. And then, on the third day, of the depths of despair, the resolution comes the victory is won—a victory so complete that normal standards of judgment are reversed. The edy of the cross becomes a vindication, the curse he tree a benediction, the darkness of the hour a t unto men, and far from calling the day of tragedy , we call it good—Good Friday.

WORDS HARD TO BELIEVE

f one were to seek a text which would express essential meaning of this drama, he would find n the book of Zechariah: "Not by might, nor by ver, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." vant to take these words as my text, for they make ar to us the meaning of this drama for our time. ot by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith Lord of Hosts."

These words are hard for us to believe. They are rd for us to believe on Palm Sunday. On Palm nday it all seems so easy. We are so hopeful, so nfident, so assured. Opposition has not yet appeared, pending tragedy has not yet darkened the skies, the owds are still with us. What need have we of the rit? We can handle this ourselves. We have power—e power of the cheering throngs—the victory will ours. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my irit, saith the Lord of Hosts." A foolish, unnecessary surance—so it seems to us on Palm Sunday.

These words are also difficult for us to believe on Good Friday. On Palm Sunday they are hard for us to believe because we are so confident, so assured. On Good Friday they are hard to believe because we are so despairing. The scene shifts, the shadows lengthen, the crowds disappear, the tramp of Roman legions is heard in the streets. No longer is Christ entering the city in triumph. Now he is on the road to Calvary. Of what avail the spirit now? Might and power nail Christ to a cross, and the spirit is helpless and impotent to resist. Those that pass by rail at him and mock him, saying, If thou art the chosen one of God, save thyself, and we shall believe. No, not the spirit, but might and power are the determiners of destiny. So it seems on Good Friday.

HOLY WEEK—AND TODAY

It is curious how pertinent this drama of Holy Week is to our time. Until recently we have been living in what seemed to be an endless succession of Palm Sundays—days of eagerness, anticipation, expectation. What an age it was! We felt the throb of harnessed power respond to our will. We harnessed the waterfalls; we unleashed the energy of coal; we mastered the secret of utilizing the power of internal combustion; we sent electricity leaping across the plains. Intricate machines became our servants. With them we could say to a mountain, "Go," and it would go. With them we built towers that scraped the skies; we constructed machines that conquered space; we devised instruments that threw our voices around the earth. No miracle was too difficult for us to perform. We had might and power, and we were confident and assured.

It was Palm Sunday—not Tuesday with its first flicker of approaching tragedy, not Wednesday with its deepening shadows, not Thursday with its sense of impending crisis, not Friday with its cross. The years went by and our power was multiplied, our machines became more intricate and ingenious. At last, in the sandy wastes of a New Mexico desert, we unleashed the very power of the universe itself. With the new power at our disposal we could perform wonders far beyond anything we had ever imagined. We could cure incurable diseases. We could usher in a new day of peace and plenty for all mankind. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Foolish, sentimental words! What need had we of the spirit?

The time, however, is no longer Palm Sunday. Even before the methods of releasing atomic energy were discovered—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday had come. Our confidence began to waver with the outbreak of war in 1914. The shadows lengthened in the thirties. The sense of crisis deepened as the armies of the world once again swept across the earth. And now we wonder if Friday is not at hand.

POWER TO DESTROY—OR BUILD

A frightening alternative has been placed before us. We have the power to do anything we choose. We have the power to make a heaven on earth, or utterly to

destroy ourselves and our civilization. We have the power to make the earth a garden of the Lord, or to change it back into the very character of the stellar system from which it emerged—to transform it into "a dead planet like the moon or into a ball of nuclear flame like the sun." The increase of our power has indeed meant the increase of our own potential destructiveness.

The Palm Sunday songs of exaltation on our lips have given way to Maundy Thursday prayers of petition. We see now that the towering question before mankind is not the augmentation of power—we have more than enough of that—but rather the acquisition of sufficient spiritual discipline to handle it. The question is no longer, Can we? We can! The question is, Will we?

I never expected to see scientists become frightened by their own discoveries, but they are. Professor Urey spoke for them all, when he wrote: "I am a frightened man." Alarmed and appalled at the threat they have set loose in the world, they are saying: In God's name, get control of what we have given you. I never expected to hear sociologists admit the importance of spiritual forces, but they have. In the past they have felt that by juggling environmental factors they could set the world aright, but not now. At their most recent national convention, every address was, in effect, a prayer of petition for the recovery of the cultural dynamic, the ethos, the spirit which alone could save us. I never expected to hear a general say that war as a possible alternative in settling international disputes has been blotted out, but those are the words of Douglas MacArthur as he stood on the deck of the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay. "It must be of the spirit," he said, "if we are to save the flesh." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

THE PATH TO VICTORY

How is the spirit to win its victory? We are practical persons. We are not interested in a mere affirmation, even if it is taken from the Bible. We want to know, first of all, if it is true; and, in the second place, how it works—how it is to be made effective. We are now convinced, I believe, that only the spirit can save us, but we want to know how? How can it save us? How does the spirit operate in the world? These are the questions we must now ask.

We may as well be frank about it. The spirit will not save us in spite of us, but through us. The spirit does not operate in a vacuum. It must be embodied, clothed, made flesh to become operative in the world. In a certain sense, without us, God is helpless. Angela Morgan in her poem "God Prays" has put these words on the lips of God:

> Till the people rise, my arm is weak;
> I cannot speak till the people speak;
> When men are dumb, my voice is dumb—
> I cannot come till my people come.

We are indispensable. We are the only material with which and through which the spirit can work. Without us the spirit is impotent.

WERE YOU THERE?

As material through which the spirit must fashion victory, we do not seem too promising. We know o selves too well to be very hopeful about ourselves. So one has said: "The more I see of people, the more I l my dog." We know what he meant. We know how sane and evil we can be. We read about the worst of in the daily papers, but the best of us are far from p fection. I suspect that most of us are not so unlike men who crucified Christ. The men who crucif Christ were not exceptional rogues. Their sins were greatly different from our sins. The religious lead who helped send Christ to the cross were not especia bad. They were envious—envious of the appealing w someness of a young man from Galilee. The mon changers had a little private racket and when it endangered they reacted in perfectly normal fashi Like us they cherished security, and like us they sou to protect the special privilege which gave them securi Judas was tempted by the prospect of financial gain- few pieces of silver was his price. Pilate was a patr who looked to the interests of the empire. The cro was swayed by demagogues.

Is any of this so unfamiliar to us? "Were you th when they crucified our Lord?" is the question Negro spiritual asks. Were you there? Little won that we are not completely reassured when we hear words: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spi saith the Lord of Hosts." We are not too hopeful cause we know ourselves too well.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

Good Friday, however, was not the final act of drama. On the third day came Easter, and it also something to say concerning us. We must not become obsessed in contemplating what we have been and w we have done that we fail to see what we can beco and what we can do. We have capacities and potenti ties and possibilities. There is much that can be expec of us. At least Christ thought so. He believed in us. believed in us so much that he was willing to die for He hung on a cross not because he despaired of us because he believed in us—in you and in me and in mankind. He knew men at their worst. He knew th from a cross. He knew the evil they could do, for t had done it unto him. And yet the very men who cr fied him were the men he died to save.

When a person believes in us enough to be willing die for us, that does something to us. It makes a dem upon us. It lays a claim upon us that we cannot ignc A Negro mother took her son to see a statue of Abrah Lincoln. "Take a long look at him, son," she said, died for you." That did something to the lad. It mad demand upon him. It laid upon him the obligation justifying the faith of one who had laid down his o life for him.

So it is with the cross. In the cross we see the sp of God embodied, clothed, made flesh. We see the l of God made manifest in the person of one who belie in us enough to die for us, and that does something us. That love calls forth an answering response. Sp calleth unto spirit and we respond. From serving o

we begin to serve him. A larger devotion lays hold us and the spirit is let loose in the world.

CHRIST WAS 'LET LOOSE'

John Masefield's drama, "The Trial of Jesus," the of Pilate inquires of the Roman centurion con- ng the man whom he had crucified. "He is not lady," answers the centurion, "he is let loose in orld where neither Roman nor Jew can stop his ." He was let loose! He was let loose in the lives of who responded to the love of God made manifest in The victory was won. "Not by might, nor by r, but by my spirit." It was not won in spite of but through men. Peter and James and John and thers were indispensable to that victory. Without ransformation that had been effected in them, Good ay would never have been called good, Easter ld never have come, the Gospels would never have written, churches would never have been built. y were indispensable.

he victory of the spirit depends upon us, but it does depend upon us alone. While we are indispensable, God who guarantees the victory. One and God *do* e a majority. One man, mastered by the spirit, se purpose is in harmony with the abiding purposes God, *will* ultimately prevail. The spirit in the end triumph. We can see this again and again in history. rates was forced to drink the hemlock but the light indled still shines. Dante was driven from Florence he has become that city's chief claim to glory. John yan spent twelve years in Bedford jail but the book wrote there has become immortal. Even *one* will be orious over the long reaches of time. Truth will out. uth crushed to earth will rise again.

'IT TAKES YOU AND ME'

On the other hand, a few more than one—a small, ciplined, devoted, purposeful group—can win a more mediate victory. It does not take many to change the rld, even in one generation. Fewer than one hundred n really carried through the Protestant Reformation. rd Shaftesbury and his little Clapham sect, in a gle decade, transformed the industrial cities of gland. Timothy Dwight Weld and his band of enty young men mobilized the sentiment of this coun- for the abolition of slavery. Christ had no great lowing. The crowds deserted him. He had no more n a dozen humble followers—but he knew that those elve were sufficient to turn the world upside down. Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the rd of Hosts."

No! It does not take many for the spirit to win its tory, but it does take some. It takes you and it takes . We are indispensable. It is thrilling, the power we ve. We can save the world. You and I can do that— t by might, nor by power, but by letting the spirit of od lay hold upon us and use us.

SCIENCE has failed to bring happiness. Material ins are not enough. If progress is defined in terms of oving toward a society of radiance, science has been human failure. IRWIN EDMAN.

'We Believe in the Life Everlasting'

By HAROLD E. MARTIN

WE BELIEVE in the life everlasting—the phrase comes at the very beginning of the Statement of Faith which we have been studying together during Lent, but faith in the continuance of human personality after the death of the body is the foundation on which the structure of Christian faith rests. We are here to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Millions throughout the world will rejoice this Easter Day because they believe that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead. Men and women and little children will sing Alleluias in every part of the world. Men will rejoice in pageantry, music, art and story, giving voice to their faith in the mystery which lies at the heart of our Christian faith. Dozens, if not hundreds, of different interpretations of the Gospel record concerning the resurrection will be preached in hundreds of thousands of pulpits. Man's imagination will be stirred and men's hearts will be touched by the beauty and the wonder of Christian faith.

FROM DOUBT TO FAITH

There is no doubt that the disciples of Jesus believed that he was risen from the dead. They had been saddened and in despair when Jesus was crucified between two thieves on the hill just outside the city of Jerusalem. Whatever hope they had of convincing men of the coming of the Kingdom of brotherly love into the world under the leadership of their Master, disappeared when Jesus died on the shameful cross. The disciples fled the city, or went into hiding, hoping to escape a fate like that of their Master. They trembled before every strange footstep fearing seizure by the hated Roman legionnaires or persecution at the hands of the temple authorities. So fearful were they that they sent certain women of their company to find and to anoint the body of their dead Lord.

When the women discovered that the body of Jesus was not in the tomb, their grief, fear and anxiety knew no bounds. Then, strangely enough, the familiar voice of the Master called to Mary; she stood amazed, perplexed, frightened, confounded, even as you would be in like circumstances; convinced that what she saw and heard was real and not a figment of her imagination. Then she ran from the garden to the hiding place of the disciples, calling as she ran, "Jesus is risen." The Lord Christ is indeed raised from the dead. The disciples, unconvinced by the woman's story, nevertheless ran to the tomb to see for themselves. At the tomb, which was empty of all but the burial cloths, they too

experienced the hope of the resurrection and their hearts were made glad and their souls rejoiced.

Again the disciples met as a fellowship in Galilee, believing yet not wholly convinced that what they hoped was true. The risen Lord appeared again and yet again to individuals and to the whole group of disciples. Gradually the men believed, and the proof of their belief was in the way they acted. No longer did they cringe either before the Roman soldier or the temple authorities. They knew that the Lord had risen, and fear was banished from their souls. They knew that Jesus was indeed the Master of life and of death; that his teaching was the gospel—the good news—the light by which men must live. They went forth to tell all men of their faith and their hope. In the temple, on the streets, in other cities and other countries, the disciples spoke boldly and well. Men listened gladly and also believed.

RESURRECTION A FUNDAMENTAL

The successful and rapid spread of the Gospel of Christ throughout the known world depended almost entirely on the faith and enthusiasm of the converts to the Christian way of life. These first century Christians shared what they had as well as their faith with all who would listen. These first century Christians gave men hope that human life had meaning and purpose beyond the knowledge of men. These first century Christians looked to God for guidance, for strength, for hope and enlightenment amid the darkness of their time. The first word, the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, was that the Lord Jesus had risen and that they who followed him might have his eternal Spirit by their side in the midst of life's struggle and grief. By this faith men lived; they had won victory over their own fears and lived boldly and abundantly according to the way and fellowship of their Master Jesus Christ.

All through the centuries since the first Easter morn, when the disciples became convinced of the resurrection, men have believed and found strength in their faith. Men of every race and generation have been awakened from their despair and frustration to glorious and radiant living as followers of the risen Lord.

"Why do you seek the living among the dead?" asked the angel at the tomb when the women came seeking to anoint the body of Jesus. I ask you a similar question: Why are you here in this Christian church today? Do you come to honor the memory of one who lived and died 1,900 years ago? A good man, a prophet, a teacher who revealed in his teaching some of the infinite possibilities of the human spirit? Or do you come to praise and glorify a risen Lord who even now is in the midst of his faithful disciples; a Master of life and of death, who abideth in the souls of those who follow his way and live according to his love?

'EXPLAINING' THE RESURRECTION

I am fearful of your answer to these questions. I fear that most of you come to praise the dead, rather than to seek the living risen Lord. I fear that your minds and imaginations are closed against the possibility of a rational explanation of the resurrection. It was ever thus when men first hear the gospel story. Paul d covered the incredulity of the Greeks concerning t resurrection; and all who try to spread the gospel d cover that man's reason stumbles even though his he rejoices at the resurrection hope. The very gospel reco tells us that the disciples were not only amazed by t appearance of Jesus before them, but doubtful of t evidence of their own senses. And Jesus said to the "Why are you troubled and why do questionings ar in your hearts?" "And while they still disbelieved joy and wondered" they listened to his voice and tea ing. It is no disgrace that we do not understand t mystery of the resurrection, that we are troubled doubts and distressed by inconsistencies and perplexiti So were the first disciples, so have been the faithful all the generations since the risen Christ appeared u his disciples.

Yet the fact remains that if we come here t Easter Day to praise and remember a dead Lord, worship is vain show, and our souls remain unsatisf and restless. By faith, not by logic or reason, must come to praise and glorify the living Christ in this ho of prayer. By faith, overleaping the stumbling blo of our imagination and reason, we may feel the prese of that risen Lord whose name we bear. Men of ot times have found that faith; have walked with radia of life in the midst of the evil and despair of th generation. We must find such faith if we are to f eternal life.

THE WAY TO BELIEF

But how can we believe, have faith, be radiant lowers of the Way of the risen Lord? Do you remem the rich young ruler who came to Jesus asking, "G Master, what shall I do, that I may have eternal lif Jesus answered: "If thou wilt enter into life, k the commandments." The young man protested: "I I have kept the commandments from my youth What lack I yet?" "If thou wouldst be perfect," Jesus, "go sell all that thou hast and give to the p and then come and follow me." The answer was cl almost harsh, but the purpose of the Master is q evident. He was asking complete surrender of s demanding complete commitment of the soul, suggest complete loyalty of the whole being to the highest id that the youth might find life by losing himself in t which was eternal and abiding; that in losing his he might find life eternal.

We too lack that complete self-commitment to Ch and his way of life. The Christ spirit has not rise us, but is still dead and in the tomb of our indiffere We are spiritually dead, hopeless, apathetic and in spair. We have carefully saved our lives, our desi our comforts, our ambitions, our sins and have crow out of our lives our hopes, our aspirations, our id our self-giving brotherliness.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

Why can't you understand? Why can't you bel that Christ is risen, triumphant over death—yes, umphant over life as well. Like a radiant light shi in the darkness of the night of human suffering, J

sen! Like a voice crying in the wilderness of human and failure, Jesus is risen to proclaim release to the ives bound in sin and hopelessness. Jesus is risen proclaim that the eternal life is now, and must be d now. Jesus is risen that we may live gloriously radiantly; for he has triumphantly broken the nds of earthly life and made eternity real in the st of time. In the midst of the dark night of our soul, is is risen, and light is dawning again in the hearts nen.

What seek ye here? The man Jesus who was crucid and buried in a tomb with all of man's hopes and iration? "He is not here, for Christ has risen and th before you into Galilee." He is not here, but is n and goeth before you into your homes and facies, into your shops and places of business, into your or and pleasure, into your family and friendships. ne before you into all the rich variety of human ivity that you may be redeemed from frustration, spair and leanness of soul. Turn toward the dawn d see the radiant light of life eternal streaming across e darkened world; it is the risen Christ revealing the ory of the Life Everlasting.

To have a Master and Lord who impresses even unlievers with his universal range and sweep so that . G. Wells said, "His is easily the dominant figure in story," and then to have churches, supposed to repsent him, which impress even believers as much too tty and small-minded to meet the world's need—that a tragedy.

The only way effectively to remedy sectarianism is t by a superficial broadening out but by a plunging ep and getting at the essentials of the Christian ith. One God of all mankind, that is deep; one moral w, that is deep; the dreadful fact of sin and the desrate need of saving men, that is deep; the things hich are seen are temporal but things which are not en are eternal, that is deep—and because it is so ep it is universal. Christian truth is made for all men. God help our churches. Our shame is that in the spel there is length and breadth and height and depth t we have so shifted our emphasis to our local pecurities that we have become narrow and provincial. Of l periods in history this is a time for greatness in ligion.

Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Jesus' teaching is a teaching of life. Life cannot taught, it can only be lived and known. Those one understand the teaching of Jesus who know at it is not teaching at all, but simply the living terance of one who had achieved rebirth into a new ndition of life. Its purpose is to create this new fe in others, and in those who have ears to hear it w life is immediately born.

Middleton Murry.

Anyone who expects to do good must not expect eople to roll stones out of his way, but must accept s lot calmly if they even roll a few more into it.

Albert Schweitzer.

The Absence of Christ

By THEODORE P. FERRIS

It is expedient for you that I go away. John 16:7. My going is for your good. (Moffatt)

INNUMERABLE sermons have doubtless been preached on the subject of the presence of Christ. I have never happened to run across a sermon on the subject of the absence of Christ. To be sure, there are times when the presence of Christ is wondrously real to us; when the words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," are as a fulfilled promise in our lives. But there are other times when the absence of Christ is equally real; times when there seems to be no light to steer by, no love to live for, no hope to fight for, times when Christ is not much more than a blank. I have chosen, therefore, as the subject of the sermon, "The Absence of Christ," and the text is from the sixteenth chapter of John's Gospel, "It is expedient for you that I go away," or in the more direct modern English of Dr. Moffatt's translation, "My going is for your good."

One of the hard things about life is that good things do not last. They are always coming and going. Take, for instance, such a thing as fair weather. After the rains have gone, a fine day brings all the exhilaration of blue skies and sunshine and pure air. And then it goes, disappears into the storms and fogs, tempests and mists. All winter long we yearn for the coming of spring and the day dawns when the cherry is hung with snow, "wearing white for Eastertide." But only a few days and the snow blossoms fall and the cherry tree is no longer white, glistening in the sun. For the good things in life do not last.

LIFE COMES, LIFE GOES

That becomes more poignant as it becomes a part of our own personal experience. What a wonderful thing youth is with all its vigor and idealism and hopefulness! But it does not last! It comes and it goes. Likewise, one of the greatest experiences that a man or a woman can have is to be an agent in creation, to feel that in him and through him energy is released to bring to pass something new in the world. We call it the divine afflatus that comes upon a man. But it comes and it goes. And from the heights of those creative moments a man plunges into the depths from which he seems to accomplish nothing. So families come, born mysteriously into the world, raised with all the care and protection that parents can give. And then they go. Life comes and life goes. Above everything else, love comes and love goes.

Life is made up not only of arrivals but also of departures, and it is much harder for us to take the departures than it is the arrivals. Sometimes we feel as

Auden felt, Auden the contemporary poet who is living in this country, after a loved one had disappeared. He felt that sense of emptiness when he wrote:

> The stars are not wanted now; put out every one:
> Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
> Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods:
> For nothing now can ever come to any good.

'MY GOING IS FOR YOUR GOOD'

It was no different with Jesus. Jesus came and he went. He came as light on the eastern hills, rising like the sun with healing in his wings, and for one brief moment he rose to his full stature of power and wisdom and love, and then as quickly disappeared—almost before people knew what had happened. It is hard for us to realize what his friends and followers felt about his going. They realized full well that there would be no more personal contact, hand to hand, man to man; no more sermons on the mount, or in the boat, or in any other place; no more hands stretched out to heal and raise up those who had fallen; no more rescuing when they were caught in a storm at sea; no one to hold them back when they got too rash, and no one to push them forward when they were too timid—that was all gone, for Jesus had departed. Good things in life do not last.

Yet, as we think about this whole scene in the New Testament and the words that I have chosen as the text, we perhaps appreciate, as we do not always, the fact that sometimes there is an unrecognized goodness in the going. Jesus said to his disciples, "My going is for your good." Undoubtedly, they did not understand what he meant. They could see no goodness in it. They never needed him more than then. They needed the guidance, the stimulus, the love that he could give them. How then could he say that his going was for their good? He could say it because he wanted to make men, not puppets; he wanted to raise up a group of men and women who were people, persons in their own right. He did not want to leave behind him machines that had to be tended every minute lest they get out of commission. He wanted to send men into the world who could be trusted to get along on their own and to make the right decisions in time of emergencies.

Take Peter as an example. Jesus found him a fisherman; he made him into a fisher of men. He did it by the most careful training and cultivation. He took him along with his other disciples into his own home the way a master craftsman takes an apprentice, and taught him. He lived with him and worked with him. But the time came, and Jesus knew it full well, when Peter would never rise to his full stature until the Master withdrew and put Peter on his own. Peter's voice was not strong at the time of the trial, you remember, when Jesus was still there. Peter's voice was the voice of a denier, but once Jesus put Peter on his own, once he had withdrawn from his immediate presence, Peter stood up before all the opponents of the government and church together in Jerusalem and being filled with the spirit spoke to those people about the gospel of Christ as no one had ever done. It was not until Christ went away that Peter became Peter at his best.

THE CHURCH CHRIST WANTS

It seems very clear that that was in the mind of Chri in regard to the church as a whole. Jesus did not plan church that consisted of a group of satellites abo himself. He wanted a church that was made up of t sons of God who could stand on their own feet an make their way about the world, relying of course up all the means of divine grace and guidance, but not utterly dependent human beings, unable to do anythir apart from the immediate dictation of Jesus himsel There is a time, in other words, to stand by and a tin to withdraw, and it is the wise man who knows whic time is which.

Every year, for instance, at our summer camp, w see something like this: A father and mother bring small boy to camp. He has never been away from hom before. They stay for a while as he gets acquainted wit the director of the camp and the scene of the whol summer's life and then they leave. The chances are tha nothing is said, but also the chances are great that inside the boy there is a sense of utter desolation. How coul they leave him there alone? If they said anything, the might say: "Our going is for your good. We have stoo by you, we have taught you, we have watched over yo we have tried to fight your battles, take your part, bu now the time has come when you must rely upon you own resources, learn how to live with your own kin and age, and take the responsibility for your own de cisions." Indeed, their going is for his good.

IS THE GOVERNMENT RIGHT?

This brings up a relevant topic upon which I spea not as an expert, but as an observer. We have live through a period when it has been necessary for th government to stand by the people in a way that the have never stood by them before, to take part in thei business, to make security for them in one way o another. Sometimes I wonder—and I am open to objec tion here because I do not know all the facts—I wonde if the government will know when the proper tim comes to withdraw, for you cannot support a person fo ever and ever, and have a person left when you ar through. One thing that happened recently made m think of it.

A young British bride was sent to my office. Sh married one of our men over there, had come home wit a year-old baby and now found that her husband ha enlisted again in the army, leaving with the messag that he never wanted to see her or the baby again. Al she wanted was to get back to England. She had n money, no means of transportation; she wanted to bor row the money. I tried to point out to her that it woul indeed be difficult to get someone to lend her tha money, that she had entered into this agreement as a adult, that she knew there was a risk involved, tha things had gone against her, that the man was un worthy; but as an adult she could not expect things t work like magic, that in this world when we assum responsibility we have to carry it through, and some times it is very difficult going. "You will," I said, "ge back to England but you may not start today." Conver

with the home service bureau of the Red Cross
ht out the fact that the government not only paid
ie transportation of those wives married to our
from Britain to the United States, but if when
got here they were not happy and did not like the
hey had married and wanted to go home, the gov-
ent would send them back. That may be a very
cal thing for the government to do; I am not
g that it is not. What I am asking is this: How far
government support people without taking the
out of them? By and large, men and women
nd to responsibility. They do not reach maturity
their master has withdrawn. Indeed, it was not
Jesus' going that the disciples realized the full
o of their adult possibilities. Likewise, there is a
for the government to stand by and a time for it
ithdraw.

A GOD WHO HIDES HIMSELF

prophet cried out of his darkness, "Thou art a God
hidest thyself," and does it not seem to us to be
way so many times? at the very time when we need
most, it seems as though a cloud received him
of our sight. We need light and there is no light
e. We need strength and there is nothing but weak-
there. We cry out against heaven and earth and
is hidden somewhere. I rebel just as you do, but
ıy saner, cooler moods I know perfectly well that
sometimes absents himself for our good. He hides
self in order that we creatures, endowed with some-
g at least of his creative power, something of his
and imagination and mind, can stand as persons
n our own feet, moving forward with a kind of
ity that we otherwise would not have. As human
gs, more or less helpless in a confused world, we
n feel quite alone; we feel the need of a God very
e to us; but on deeper thought we must come to be-
e that there is indeed a goodness in his going.

Furthermore, there are times when one is never more
ent than when he is absent. Looking back over the
erience of those first disciples, we see clearly that
is did not really go away. It seemed to them that
leparted. They missed the personal contact, to be
. They missed the words, they missed seeing him;
he did not really go away. In the years that he was
n them, you might say that he dwelt *with* them.
er he went away, he dwelt *in* them. And what a
difference! To be sure, there is a price to be paid
it, but after that day which we mark on the calendar
Ascension Day, and Jesus no longer came and went
ng them as one of their contemporaries, something
pened to them which was even greater than anything
knew while he dwelt with them. He got inside
n. As the years went on, they did not feel that they
been separated from Jesus. They felt in some in-
ceivable way that they had been drawn together
n him. They knew that now, for instance, his
ence was no longer Palestine-bound. They could
with him anywhere, in the farthest reaches of the
nan empire, surrounded by enemies, in the arena,
wn to the lions, in courtrooms before judges—there
he was with them in a way that he had never been before.

WHEN ABSENCE BECOMES A PRESENCE

Is that not true, at least to a degree, in human relationships? Not minimizing for a moment that closeness and intimacy that comes when you put your hand in the hand of someone you love, not minimizing that, but is there not a sense in which two people who have greatly loved each other never go away from each other? They are absent in one sense, to be sure, but the very absence becomes a presence. They may have dwelt side by side, now they dwell within each other, the spirit of one abides in the other. They are blended and mingled as a single personality, as they never could have been before. If that is not true about life, then the best we know is false and the richest thing in human experience is a farce.

All of this points to the fact (and I do not think that I can put the fact into words) that there is a realm in life where there is neither coming nor going. There is a realm in life where the constant and never ceasing flowing of things comes to an end and all is gathered up in a moment of being. It is something that is there, something that *is*. Children always ask the question, Where does the wind go? Where *does* it go? Well, the answer is that it does not go anywhere. It *is*. It whips up and it dies down, but the wind is. Where does a good man go when he dies? He does not go, he is! What is once done is done and nothing can gainsay it. A relationship once lived is lived. It is the time when time stands still. We get flashes of it, every now and then, in great music when we are not conscious of development or movement, but simply an intimation that there is something, a presence, with which a calendar has nothing to do.

WHAT HEAVEN MEANS

I admit that is poor language. I do not know how else to say it. It is what the Bible means by heaven. It is what the first Christians were trying to say in their rather clumsy way—to us modern astronomers—when they said that a cloud received him out of their sight as he ascended into heaven. They meant that he had not really gone away anywhere, that he simply is and we can be with him everlastingly, always, everywhere, that he belongs to that realm of eternal abiding reality in which time moves, but against which time can make no final destructive movement.

That to me is one of the most profound themes in life. I can only hope that I may have aroused your mind to it, set you thinking about it. It is one upon which all the philosophers have put their minds, and it is one which we need to think more about in this time-pressed era. We can at least remember that though good things never do last in life, yet sometimes there is an unrecognized kind of goodness in their going, and furthermore, there is that state of existence where there is neither coming nor going, where God is. Jesus came and he went away. To be sure, his going was for our good, and in his apparent absence we find his everlasting presence.

'A Place Called Golgotha'

By VIRGIL A. KRAFT

And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name: him they compelled to go with them, that he might bear his cross. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, The place of a skull . . . Matthew 27:32-33.

IF ONLY Golgotha were not a place! If only Golgotha were just an idea, a concept in philosophy, a symbol! If only the story of Golgotha could have been an allegory depicting the violent abuse of truth, how much more attractive the Christian gospel would be!

The vast craving of our world is for protection and happiness, not pain. People do not like rugged hilltops, or crosses. They want comfort. And to get comfort they will do many unworthy things: they will take easy paths that lead nowhere; they will join crowds of people who carry little, useless burdens; they will switch their preferences from high, difficult standards to the mediocre and the low. If only Golgotha were not a place! If only the cross were a legend!

But Golgotha is not an allegory, and the cross is not a legend. Golgotha is dreadfully real: as real as suffering, as real as hard work and sacrifice, as real as failure, as real as persecution. And, being real, it is inescapable for those who would truly live.

Living, of course, is a matter of choice. Life, which means growth—growth into an abundance of health, understanding and fellowship—can be rejected, and people can simply exist according to simple, primitive patterns. Instead of life, with all its desires and ambitions, with all its dreams and hopes, with all its risks of disappointment and failure, people can choose the denial of life, complacent cynicism—such as the refusal to believe in the validity of ideals and the worth of dreaming; such as refusing to risk the heartaches and the tragedies of love, choosing rather to be hardhearted and secure.

I

People can choose the denial of life if they wish, and many people do. It is the easier way. Which means that Golgotha was *a chosen hilltop*. Jesus did not have to suffer on Golgotha or even come to Jerusalem. In fact, Jesus could have remained a carpenter and lived out his normal span of years in the quiet, beautiful hills of Galilee. Jesus was not forced to be the crusading savior of anybody.

Golgotha was a chosen hilltop. And it is a chosen hilltop for everyone. We are not compelled to live nobly. We do not have to stand firm for social justice and the sacred use of life. And how tempting it is not to, rather to lose ourselves in the mediocrity of the mob! We h no irrevocable mandate to carry heavy civic responsib ties. We are not forced by divine decree to work hard to study. We do not have to undergo the hardships the pain of good living. If we do so, it is only because choose to do so, because down deep we feel the relent tug of peaks, because we believe in the ultimate glo of climbing.

Golgotha was a chosen hilltop. It will always b chosen hilltop, reserved for heroes.

II

Also, Golgotha was *a lonely hilltop*. Suffering never social, whether it is the result of sickness, l values, failure or persecution. Suffering is always ir vidual. And, being individual, it is a lonely experier To be sure, there were crowds of people on Golgot There were always crowds at a crucifixion. And th were friends there, as well as relatives. Still, Jesus utterly alone, so alone that he felt cut off even fr God.

Golgotha was a lonely hilltop. It will always lonely. No man can share the sorrow of another. man can share the pain of another. Suffering is alw lonely, as many today have discovered. Those v sacrifice and suffer to put a son or a husband thro school know what loneliness is. Those who choose h goals and suffer failure are lonely. Those who d oppose the mob for conscience' sake are lonely, as are those who suffer because they have sinned. crucified thieves on Golgotha were lonely men.

Suffering of any kind is a lonely experience. But least when suffering is for a noble cause, eventu there comes the awareness of a mighty Friend on wh one can rely, and in whose presence one finds great co fort. For a while, on the cross, Jesus was utterly alo He cried out: "My God, why hast thou forsaken m But shortly after, he knew that God had not forsa him. "Father," he said, "into thy hands I commend spirit." Golgotha was a lonely hilltop—for a while.

III

Finally, Golgotha was *a forsaken hilltop*. When pain of crucifixion was over, everyone left. Only t empty crosses remained. In fact, as the months and years passed, Golgotha was lost. People forgot wher was. They have not found it to this day. Golgotha a forsaken hilltop.

Likewise *your* Golgotha will be! Physical p failure, enmity and persecution eventually end. In t the tragedy which has crushed your joy will bec lost in the receding history of your life—a power barren hilltop on the distant horizon.

THE STAKES are immense, the task colossal, the t is short. But we may hope—we must hope—that m own creation, man's own genius, will not destroy l Scholars, indeed all men, must move forward in faith of that philosopher who held that there is problem the human reason can propound which the man reason cannot reason out. CHRISTIAN GAUS

o We Moderns Need he Man of Galilee?

By PAUL B. KERN

hat have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Naz-i? Luke 4:34.

HIS is the question of a crazy man, but it is not a crazy man's question. It is the fundamental iry of humanity. Does Jesus really matter? Can we along quite well without him?

We know of course that our fathers and mothers needed him in their pioneering day when life was difficult; and in the primitive wilderness, when men were continually beset with perils and with specters of disaster, they turned to God. But in this luxurious world in which we live, with all its safety devices and all its comfortable cultural cushions, why bother about a Galilean prophet who was a total stranger to all our modern ilization? Did he, could he, mean anything at all us who live in a world so different from his?

Dim tracks of time
Divide those golden years from me.
Thy voice comes strange
O'er years of change . . .
How can I follow Thee?

But there never was an age which needed him more. our fathers before us found him necessary to their nited life, we today find him even more essential to rs in these strange and baffling times. Let us ask rselves why we cannot get along without the Man of alilee.

I

In the first place, we need him to bring quietness into ır lives. The hectic world in which we live drives us cessantly at a furious pace. We are like driven men ho are caught in a treadmill of activity from which e would willingly escape but cannot. All the things at we want to do but never have time for; all the. ooks that we intend to read but never reach; all the ood deeds that we would willingly perform if only e had time—these rise up to accuse us and to condemn for our hasty and spiritless routine. We want to be ee but we are slaves to schedules and crowds and ie endless pressure of little things. We cannot alter ie world in which we live; it is vain to believe that we all ever slow down its pace. There is but one answer nd that is, somehow within its whirling pace, to find eace; to get away by pools of quietness and lift ourlves from the driving pressures that make us slaves our lesser selves.

Here Jesus is our answer. Here he has the soothing ord. In him, and in him alone, is our peace. A few

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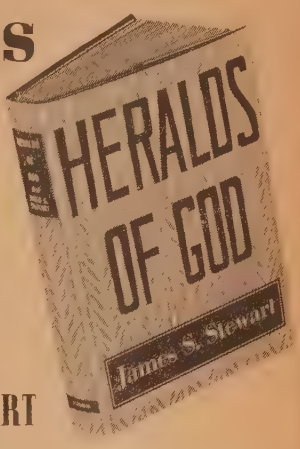

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moments each day spent in his presence brings quietness and steadying power into our frayed lives and frightened spirits. The quietness that comes from his felt presence and the strength that is gained from communion with him is the only answer that we moderns will ever find to the inescapable pressure of our contemporaneous life. And so we modern folk need him more than our fathers and mothers who had seasons of quietness that we do not know. He is the only answer which we can find in a turbulent and restless age.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

II

In the second place, we need him to guide to worthy ends the marvelous enginery of power that belongs to us in this modern world. The keyword of our generation is power. We are more power-conscious than any people that ever lived. We live in a world of dynamic and devastating power. Nothing like it has ever been before in the history of man. We stand confused and humbled in the presence of what science has created. The future is all a blur of nervous tension. Have we set in motion physical forces that will destroy civilization and blast our world into destruction?

We do not seem to have the answer to these questions. We have power, to be sure, but we have more power than we know what to do with. We have atomic energy but we do not have moral control adequate to channel it to safe and beneficent ends. Everywhere in the church and out of it voices are being lifted, telling us that if we are to survive we must get a new ho upon God. We must rediscover religious disciplines; w must become the moral masters of our fate.

Surely this need is greater than any generation h ever known. With newly found power there must freshly discovered controls. These lie in the realm religion, and Jesus Christ, by whom all things we created and in whom all things hold together, has t last word for our desperate and nervous hour. Do w need him? How else can we ever get on unless w freshly find him and follow him along the road discipline and service for all mankind?

III

Furthermore, we need him to interpret life to u If ever there was a time when existence was enigma and men and women were wandering in a maz wondering what tomorrow will bring, it is toda There is a certain cynical pessimism which lays ho upon us, telling us that the generation is "full sound and fury signifying nothing." The hour is la and men do not know the way home.

This confusion is particularly devastating as it pe tains to young people. There was a day when a you man or young woman might reasonably approa manhood or womanhood in the calm confidence th God had a purpose and a plan for his individual li Years ago we heard from a famous preacher a sermo "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." And we believed We were sure that not one aimless life had be created and that finally we should discover, if we soug it, his will and then rejoice to fulfill his purpose f us. But no such assurance exists for us today. You people move into life without the sense of an unde

A Pastoral Prayer

By JAMES CROSWELL PERKINS

O THOU Divine Spirit of beauty and goodness, of truth and love, we would lay aside every care and distracting thought and enter into the light of Thy holy presence. We seek a closer acquaintance with Thee, a better understanding of Thy creative will. Some of Thy ways are beyond our ken. Thou art the High and Mighty One who hast endowed the universe with vast energies. Thou art the Creator and Sustainer of all things visible and invisible. Yet we praise Thee that Thou hast revealed enough of Thy will and purposes through Jesus and the prophets to enable us to live happily and effectively. We dare call Thee our Father.

We seek to bring our intimate, personal problems and troubles into the radiant light of Thy redemptive love. Here in this hour of worship may the lonely find fellowship; may the burdened feel refreshed; may the guilt-ridden experience forgiveness; may the tempted be helped to victory; may the worried be lifted out of their anxieties into a heroic, trustful faith in their Heavenly Father. In these critical days of tension and uncertaint grant to our spirits the peace that passeth understandin

We pray for the sick and the shut-in members of th church and parish. May they know that we are though fully remembering them before Thee at this hour. F their hearts, we beseech Thee, with hopefulness ar courage. May they reach out in trust to the sources healing, both human and divine. May the thought the life-giving, quiet strength of the Great Physici bring saving health to ailing bodies and disturb minds.

Deliver us from the poisons of hatred, misunderstan ing and vindictiveness. Calm the violent emotions a prejudices aroused by industrial strife. Fill us with t caring spirit. May we as a people quickly open o hands and hearts to help hungry folk across the se Strengthen Thy Church Universal that she may give fearless and united witness to the redemptive Gosp of her Master and Lord. We ask it in his name. Ame

ng life purpose and are the victims of conventions accidental contingencies which turn their lives barren pathways with no directing purpose and vine end. This state of personal drifting drives us od, in whom we live and move and have our being. life is to have richness and beauty it must find communion with the divine. We need to discover personal place of meaning and significance in a -centered world and to look upon our life as a from the Creator and as a chance to labor in wship with him who is building a better world. fathers may have had, and probably did have, a of direction which is lacking in our materialistic humanistic hour. If ever men and women, if ever ig people, needed the sense of God in Christ at controls of their wills, it is in this hour. We erns cannot get along without him. We are lost out his guiding hand.

IV

nd then, we need him to cleanse us of our sin. We prideful and self-sufficient and sophisticated. We do so many things that we think we can do every-g. We master our world so much better than our ers could master theirs. We have a sense of being to do almost anything to which we set our hands our heads. We build luxurious homes and sky-cing buildings; we surround ourselves with the gadgets of luxury and the rubber-tired cushions of physical comforts; we make the desert to bloom like the rose and impound power behind inconceivable locks and dams. "We are the masters of our fate"—but are we? There is one thing we have never learned to do and that is to cleanse these human hearts of ours of guilt, to wash away the stain of our transgressions, and to make our peace with God. We cannot just live decently and be satisfied; we have to be forgiven. We have to be restored to his favor. We have to be on good terms with the Eternal. No matter what of good has come to us from the world, whether we have been prosperous or whether we have failed, it is indeed true that there is something forever driving us to make our peace with God.

And so with all our sophistication and all our overbearing self-confidence we come like little children whose lids are wet with tears, to a mercy seat, knowing that we are sinners saved by the grace of Christ. This matter of forgiveness lies at the base of all our

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A few weeks ago, a national radio work gave time on the air to perhaps most violent attack of its kind heard a coast-to-coast hookup. The object the attack: liberals and especially re-ous liberals. *Time* magazine devoted rly a full page to excerpts, commend-the program as "a message to all o call themselves Christians." Con-sion: "We are witnessing the death Historical Liberalism."

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We have just shown a copy to Pierre n Paassen. The celebrated author of DAYS OF OUR YEARS, EARTH COULD BE FAIR, etc., became almost embarrassingly enthusiastic: "This book is a banner for the American people," he asserted. "Here is a prophetic word that needs to be spoken in our day if Voltaire's INFAME, the darkness that wants to be darkness, is not to hold sway. These are messages for the hour of crisis through which America and the world are passing. . . .

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joys, and it is only God in Christ who can say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee. Go and sin no more." Do we need God? Surely, unless we are willing to wander in prodigal selfishness and unpardoned waywardness to come to our own bitter end and be forever lost. But if life has eternal values and if getting right with God is the secret of our peace, then we must turn to him and cry out for his mercy and receive his grace in repentant hearts and know ourselves the pardoned children of our Heavenly Father.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind—
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

V

And may I say, finally, that we need Christ as the pattern and goal of our universal humanity. Whither is mankind headed? What is the ultimate goal which we seek? Where is that unity in which men and nations must at last find security and peace? It is only in Christ who is man at his best. He belongs to no race or culture, to no age but to all the ages; he is the child of no continent but of our universal humanity; he speaks the language of every human heart and is the answer to every human quest; and in him, and in him alone, is that center of world unity for the discovery of which today, in a dozen ways, the wisdom and em tions and common sense of men are struggling.

Christ only has the answer. No philosophy, no polit cal instrument, no world organization can ever achie enduring peace unless he is at the center of it ar his will is made supreme in a world where the la of the jungle has perpetually led us into the endle tragedy of recurring wars. We had better find Gc and find him quickly and put him at the center things, or we shall fly apart in mutual distrust ar face the destruction of everything we hold dear. Chri is the one inescapable *Must* of our modern world, ar to say that we can get along without him is to sh our eyes to plain facts which the man on the stre knows to be true and which we ignore at the peril our souls. If our fathers ever needed him, we, the children, simply cannot get along in one world witho one Christ.

These are the fundamental needs of our day: poi of mind and heart; spiritual mastery of material powe an interpretative key to the deeper meanings of lif deliverance from the self-imposed slavery of sin; common denominator for our universal humanity whom we may find the ultimate ideal and goal of o human struggles. These are our needs, conscious or unconsciously felt today, and Jesus, and Jesus alon meets them all. What have we to do with Thee, th

A Way of Remembering

A Sermon for Children by Roland S. Fredericks

IF YOU WANT to remember something important that's going to happen, you can always tie a string around your finger. That will help, providing that when you look at the string you can remember why you tied it there.

But so many important things have already happened that we shouldn't forget; big, important things that happened long before you were born. How are we going to remember these? Well, there are ways of remembering that maybe you never thought about.

Take, for instance, respect to the flag. Why do we take off our hats when it passes by, and why do we put our hands to our hearts when we salute it? Because it is a way of remembering—remembering George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and all the other men and women who have lived and died to make our nation great. We just can't forget them, we owe them so much.

Or again, take the Lord's Supper. In a few minutes you will be passed the Bread and the Wine. Why do we do this? Of course you know the answer. It's a way of remembering—remembering all that Jesus did for us who are his friends.

Let me tell you how this way of remembering first began. When Jesus walked over the hills of Galilee, teaching, preaching and healing, he made some very good friends. Of course he enjoyed being with them just as you enjoy being with your best friends. Ar they enjoyed being with him, too, for he had mad their lives so much happier. Some he had healed, ar others he had saved from terrible sins. How wonderf it was to sit down and eat with him! It was the happie hour of the whole week.

But one Thursday night something happened to e their happiness. Jesus seemed very sad that night. Wh he passed the Bread and Wine, as was his custom, said: "When I am no longer with you, do this remembrance of me." Jesus' friends couldn't unde stand this. What could he mean? He was so your and healthy, would he not *always* be with them? B that very night, when he had finished eating, and h gone out into a garden to pray, he was taken prisone The next day, without a fair trial, he was put to dea upon a cross.

Then his friends understood. A few days later th met together as he had asked them to, for they want to do something to remember all the wonderful thin he had done for them. They passed the Bread and t Wine. Behold! it seemed so mysterious. It almo seemed as though Jesus were right there with the They couldn't understand it, but he was with the loving and forgiving them just as he had before! Ho happy they were to be together with him again! A wo derful way of remembering!

of Nazareth? We have a rendezvous with Thee days that are ahead—and we had better accept day if there is to be a tomorrow for our world. so I leave you with Christ in the earnest that you and he may come to terms, and g his voice you may this Sabbath morning find oy and peace in fellowship with him who is swer to every heart hunger of your soul.

most, Nearly, Not Quite

By HENRY HITT CRANE

the House of Life I saw a great multitude, that an could number, almost achieving, nearly success- ot far from the goal of their desires, but somehow lacked, and missed, and failed.

saw a bridegroom, just after marriage at the h, when he had but kissed his new wife upon the h. And a message was handed him, for he was a er; and he had to leave instantly, and cross the d; and he died of a foreign fever.

aw an eager, earnest scholar compelled to leave the ersity just before graduation, because a sudden ill- smote him, and his sight failed, and his speech was ed, for he was now a paralytic.

nd I saw a ship full of passengers, eager to reach e; they had been a fortnight at sea and were try; and on the shore their friends stood anxious. the ship was held in quarantine, right at the or's mouth, for ten days; during which time the er's case was lost, the politician's plans were one, the merchant's opportunity slipped by, and the rning son's mother breathed her last.

saw a man build a house and die at its threshold.

nd I saw a mighty ruler on a throne, pondering st alternative, considering a daring adventure that ld open new worlds of opportunity; and he listened he challenge of a messenger of the Most High; he said: "Almost thou persuadest me!" But he dn't quite make up his mind; and his indecision ned him.

nd I saw a victorious nation standing on the top he world, holding in its hand the destiny of man- , for it had unlocked the secret strength of the with which it could now bless or blast the hopes umanity; and some shouted: "Get tough! Treat rough! Call the bluff of any who oppose us!" And lanes went flying over forbidden territory, and edibly costly battleships and carriers went anywhere pleased, and atomic bombs were dropped to test nerve of an already jittery, half-shattered world; insane militarists and vicious jingoists talked of a rd World War—and soon! And others said: sten! There's another way. No toughness, but truth! bull-dozing, but brotherhood! Not cursing, but ist!" And the nation shook its head, and wondered hile the tough boys shouted all the louder about a listic" foreign policy.

nd I saw an old man, who was a Sage, and loved , and he looked with sad eyes upon all, and rmured, as to himself: "Almost, nearly, not quite!"

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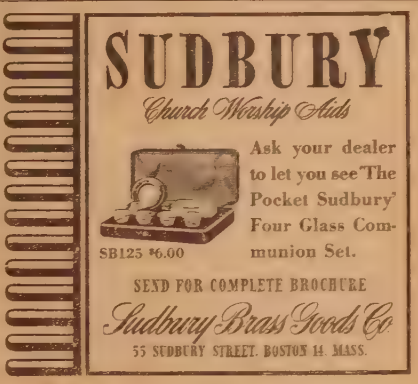
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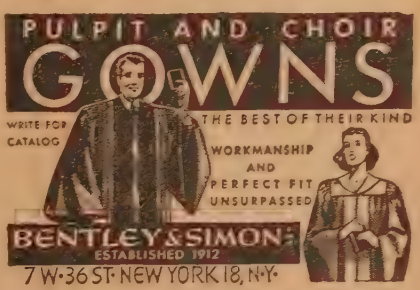

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The Sad State of Public Prayer

By ELMER S. FREEMAN

THE STATE of public prayer in our free Protestant churches is deplorable. Returning recently from a state conference, a group of ministers, including the writer, agreed that the conference as a whole had sustained a rather high level of worship and devotion—except in the prayers. Every one of us felt that the authentic note of genuine prayer, well conceived and well expressed, had been missing. Sincerity in the prayers offered we assumed, but we felt that the presence of sincerity was not necessarily enough to compensate for the formlessness and awkwardness of much of the prayer we had heard. A public prayer need not be a perfect gem of liturgical or literary beauty, but it need not sound, either, like an eighth-grade exercise in English composition.

In most of our church services and religious meetings prayer is the weakest element. We preach eloquent sermons; we sing good music; but most of us have forgotten—or have never learned—how to pray in public in such a way as to move men's hearts and uplift their spirits. The public "extempore" prayers of most ministers are repetitious, trite, conventional. They have almost all the defects of liturgical prayers and almost none of their virtues. We criticize the more liturgical churches for "reading prayers out of a book," but when we offer "free" prayer we fall far below the literary and devotional standards of the prayers from the great liturgies of the ages.

The writer, being a parish parson himself, seldom has opportunity to worship elsewhere than in his own church, but to judge from the prayers he hears offered in district and larger church gatherings, two or three things are wrong with most of the public prayers in our churches.

● *Crudeness in Content and Expression*

Too many prayers are actually crude in expression and content; some are even ungrammatical. We use long, involved sentences, in which subjects and predicates do not always agree, and which trail off into vague nothingness. We need not strive to be epigrammatic in prayer, but at least we ought to be clear. We need not use "brilliant" or "fancy" language, but surely we can be literate and correct.

Somewhere George A. Buttrick has said that, generally speaking, the language of poetry ought to be the language of prayer; if a word or a phrase would be out of place in a line of poetry it ought not to be used in a prayer. Obviously, such a rule must not be too rigidly followed, but there is truth in it. What he means, one supposes, is that the vocabulary of prayer ought to be at least somewhat distinct from that of the market place. Words from the scientific and political jargon which may be altogether in place in conversation, public address, and even in preaching, are inappropriate in prayer. The devo-

ELMER S. FREEMAN

tional effectiveness of a prayer can almost be said to be in inverse ratio to the number of long words ending in "-tion" and "-ility" which it contains.

● *Little Variety, Less Beauty*

Again, our praying lacks variety. Our free church ministers object to using a Prayer Book on the ground that one repeats the same prayers every Sunday (though actually there is much more flexibility in all Prayer Book liturgies than is commonly supposed by those who are not thoroughly familiar with them). But a faithful worshiper who has listened Sunday after Sunday to the prayers offered in an average non-liturgical church will find in them little, if any, more variety than in, let us say, the Book of Common Prayer, and very much less beauty of thought and diction.

The typical extempore prayer among us begins, "Our Father [in] heaven," repeats the phrase "[our] Father" not less than once in ev[ery] third sentence, abounds in st[ock] phrases—"at this time," "as we [en]lowship together" (a horrible us[age] a substantive as a verb), "bless [the] brother who is to bring us the m[es]sage," and a dozen others. It [is] studded with glittering clichés—"[the] fatherhood of God and the brot[her]hood of man," for example, or [in] whom we live and move and have [our] being," or, as the writer rememb[ers] a favorite phrase of a minister [he] once knew, "interpenetrate and in[ter]permeate." Shades of Cranmer, [of] Martineau, of John Henry Newm[an]! How these masters of public pra[yer] must revolve in their graves to h[ear] the atrocious extemporaneities offe[red] in the guise of prayer!

● *'Informati' Pray[er]*

Prayers which offer God inform[a]tion, and tell him—quite unnecessa[ri]ly, one may be sure—about the wo[rld] situation or the state of the chu[rch] are travesties on prayer. When [the] writer once made this statement to a class of ministers, a member of [the] class supplied the perfect illustrati[on]. "I actually heard a prayer," he sa[id], "in which the minister, after giv[ing] a long description of the traditio[nal] plan of salvation, concluded with [the] words 'inexplicable as all this may [be] to Thee, O God'!"

Read with care even such generally superior prayers as those publish[ed] monthly in The Pulpit, and see ho[w] much of the material in them is [de]clarative in mood rather than in [the] proper devotional imperative. The content of prayer ought to incl[ude] confession, adoration and communi[on], thanksgiving, intercession, petition—though not necessarily all of them, [or] in that exact order, of course, in [any] one prayer. But there is no place [in] prayer for giving God informati[on] as did the minister who included in [his] pastoral prayer the phrase, "as Th[ou] hast seen, O God, by the morn[ing] paper."

Once more, we too frequently f[ind] ministers using the pastoral prayer [as] an opportunity to preach another s[er]mon. Christian prayer, natural[ly] must be soundly based on Christ[ian] faith and teaching, but it assum[es] rather than explains that faith [and] teaching. Prayer, in a sense, beg[ins] where teaching leaves off. We pre[ach] when we pray, to be sure; listen t[o]

's prayers over a period of
d (assuming his sincerity) you
a good deal about what man-
nan and minister he is. Prayer
aching ought to be congruous
monious, each with the other.
e teaching content of prayer
o be like indirect lighting; you
light but not the naked bulb
hich it comes.

● *Good Prayers Call for Preparation*

ese things are wrong with our
prayers, how can we improve
Not necessarily, the writer
say, by a wholesale and unrea-
return to liturgical forms or
ge.

the parson remember that in
nduct of public worship he is
nly a preacher; he is also a
r. Let him spend at least as
time in preparation for five
es of praying as he does in prep-
n for a like period of preaching.
He may or may not wish to write out his prayers, but at least he can prepare them. At the sacrifice, perhaps, of some degree of spontaneity (for most of us a greatly overrated virtue in prayer), he will acquire depth of thought and definiteness of form which will add immeasurably to the effectiveness, for the worshiping congregation, of the moments when he is leading them in prayer.

There is no coypright on great prayers. From the master of prayer—those already mentioned, and many others—he can quite legitimately borrow phrases, sentences, even paragraphs. Weaving them into his own structure and thought of prayer, he can make them his own. From Scripture and poetry and the whole literature of devotion the minister may take a word here and a phrase there to enrich the content of his public prayers. Let him study these, and likewise such terse, succinct prayers as the collects in the Book of Common Prayer, as models, until he is literally steeped in their language of devotion.

● *Aids to Effectiveness in Public Prayer*

The available literature is immense, and for the most part of high quality. In addition to the authorized service books of the major churches, one may mention at least these, among many others:

Morrison: *Minister's Service Book.*
Noyes: *Prayers for Services*
Rauschenbusch: *Prayers of the Social Awakening*
Orchard: *The Temple*
Newton: *The Altar Stairs*
Quayle: *The Climb to God*
Baillie: *Diary of Private Prayer*

Whether by consideration of these books or of others which will occur to the thoughtful, conscientious pastors, let the content of our public prayers be enriched, that our people may better worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The Cross—Then and Today

He—They—We

THEY hailed him King as he passed by,
They strewed their garments in the road,
ut they were set on earthly things,
And he on God.

hey sang his praise for that he did,
But gave his message little thought;
hey could not see that their souls' good
Was all he sought.

hey could not understand why he,
With powers so vast at his command,
hould hesitate to claim their rights
And free the land.

heir own concerns and this world's hopes
Shut out the wonder of his news;
nd we, with larger knowledge, still
His Way refuse.

He walks among us still, unseen,
And still points out the only way,
But we still follow other gods
And him betray.

JOHN OXENHAM.

One Thorn More

CHRIST bears a thousand crosses now
Where once but one he bore;
Each cruel deed unto his brow
Adds one thorn more.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

Upon a Hill

THREE MEN shared death upon a hill,
But only one man died;
The other two—
A thief and God himself—
Made rendezvous.
Three crosses still
Are borne up Calvary's hill,
Where Sin still lifts them high:
Upon the one, sag broken men
Who, cursing, die;
Another holds the praying thief,
Or those who, penitent as he,
Still find the Christ
Beside them on the tree.

MIRIAM LEFEVRE CROUSE.

Christ Is Crucified Anew

NOT only once, and long ago,
There on Golgotha's side,
Has Christ, the Lord, been crucified
Because he loved a lost world so.
But hourly souls, sin-satisfied,
Mock his great love, flout his commands.
And I drive nails deep in his hands,
You thrust the spear within his side.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

These poems are selected from *Poems for Life*, by Thomas Curtis Clark. Used by permission of the publishers, Willett, Clark & Co.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

EARLY in his career BISHOP G. ASHTON OLDHAM was curate of Grace Church and of St. Thomas Church in New York city and was for two years chaplain of Columbia University. He was rector of St. Luke's Church, New York, and of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, from 1909 to 1922. He became bishop coadjutor of the diocese of Albany in 1922 and seven years later was named bishop of Albany, the post he now holds. Through the years Bishop Oldham has been a leader in such organizations as the World Conference on Faith and Order and the World Council of Churches and has become widely known as an active champion of world peace.

DR. WINTHROP S. HUDSON *is assistant professor* of the history of Christianity on the Federated Theological Faculty at the University of Chicago, where he also serves as assistant dean of the Baptist Divinity House. He came to Chicago from Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, where he taught the history of Christianity. Before entering teaching he ministered for five years at Normal Park Baptist Church, Chicago.

From 1930 to 1939 Rev. HAROLD E. MARTIN *was* pastor of the Bethany Congregational Church, Foxboro, Mass., then for five years ministered at Plymouth Church in Utica, N. Y. Three years ago he became pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwalk, Conn. In his earlier career he was for a time in business and for two years was director of religious education at the First Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. THEODORE P. FERRIS *became the fifteenth rec*tor of the famous Trinity Church, Boston, in 1942. He was assistant at Grace Church, New York, 1933-37, under Rev. W. Russell Bowie, and in 1937 was appointed rector of Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, Md. He is a member of the faculty of the Episcopal Theological Sch in Cambridge, teaching homiletics, and is secretary of Standing Committee of the diocese of Massachuse Among his books are *This Created World* and *Our D Bread.*

Rev. VIRGIL A. KRAFT *is a son of the manse;* father is now pastor of a Methodist Church in Phill burg, Kan. The son has since 1941 administered at F Methodist Church in Minneapolis, and is director of Wesley Foundation at the University of Minnesota. W studying for his M.A. at Northwestern, with courses at the University of Chicago, he was pastor of a cong gation at Skokie, a suburb of Chicago.

BISHOP PAUL B. KERN *began his active career* a teacher in Vanderbilt University, then for a number years was pastor of churches in Nashville, Bellbuckle Murfreesboro, Tenn. From 1915 to 1926 he was profes of ministerial efficiency in Southern Methodist Univer and during the last six years of that period held the p of dean of the School of Theology of that institut Then for four years he ministered at Travis Park Met dist Church in San Antonio, Tex. He was elected bis of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1930, assigned to the Orient. Since 1938 he has had charge conferences in the Tennessee area.

Rev. ELMER S. FREEMAN *is minister of First C* gregational Church, Menasha, Wis., and author of *Lord's Supper in Protestantism,* published two years a

Following an extended pastorate in Niagara Fa N. Y., *Rev.* JAMES C. PERKINS was recently called minister at Union Congregational Church, Phoenix, A

Rev. ROLAND S. FREDERICKS *is minister of* Union Church, Cato, N. Y.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

JOHN R. DIRKSEN, First Presbyterian, Pemberville, O. "We Are Committed." Luke 9:62—"No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God."

LEON R. ROBINSON, JR., Euclid Avenue Baptist, Cleveland, O. (Ass't. Min.) "Religion Is a Fearful Thing." Heb. 10:31—"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

G. H. GENSEMER, Presbyterian, Newport, Pa. "The Complacency Complex." Amos 6:1—"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon

Text used (write out the text)

Name of minister

Name of church

Address

W. A. JACOBS, Pilgrim Congregational, Oak Park, "Fronting the Dawn." Luke 18:8—"Neverthel when the Son of Man comes, will he find faith on earth?"

C. W. SIDEBOTHAM, Presbyterian, East Jordan, Mi "It Is Five Minutes After 12!" Isa. 21:11,12 "Watchman, what hour of the night is it?" The wat man says, "Morning comes, but also night; if you w to know more, come again." (American) Isa. 40:1 "Lift up thy voice . . . say unto the cities of Jud Behold your God."

C. SUMPTER LOGAN, First Presbyterian, Lawrencevi Ill. "Wanted: a High Hope for Today!" Rom. 5: "Hope does not disappoint us, because God's love been poured into our hearts."

CHARLES G. GIRELIUS, Reformed Christian Chur Unitarian, Barneveld, N. Y. "Where Is Yesterday Ps. 90:4—"For a thousand years in thy sight are but yesterday when it is past."

WAYNE W. WITTE, First Presbyterian, Englishtow N. J. "Pathway to Perfection." Matt. 5:48—"Y therefore, must be perfect as your heavenly Father perfect."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THAT WAS a momentous hour when President Truman appeared before Congress asking $400,000,000 with which to take over the defense of ... and Turkey against Russia. It marked the end ... tish imperialism in the Mediterranean and, if agreed to by Congress, the beginning of American imperialism there and perhaps throughout ...orld. His proposal is an unmistakable defiance of ... She may, for the time being, be cowed by it. ...ur presence so near her border will surely issue ... armament race whose end may be World War ...At this writing Congress is debating Mr. Truman's proposal. For myself, I believe Mr. Truman has ... a mistake which will have far-reaching evil consequences. I cannot in this space discuss the international complexities involved, and I recognize that something had to be done. But the responsibility should have been laid upon the United Nations instead of upon the United States acting independently and alone. It was for dealing with just such a situation that the ... organization was created. For our government to take the law into its own hands is to doom the United Nations to impotence. For the United States to undertake the sole responsibility for the peace of the world will change the course of history in a direction exactly opposite to that toward which the United Nations has oriented mankind. The enormous financial burden of an American imperialism is one which this country should not add to its already mountainous debt. The sum asked by President Truman will prove to be only a down payment on the obligation he asks us to assume. But the forsaking of the ideal of collective security is the worst aspect of his proposal.

President Launches Foreign Policy

The Book of the Month

WORD THROUGH PREACHING. *By Gerald Kennedy. Harper & Brothers, $2.50.*

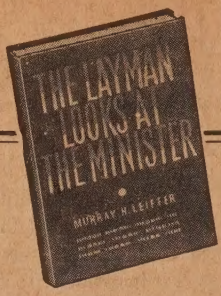
THIS BOOK has made me acquainted with a new preacher. Reports of his notable ministry in Lincoln, Nebraska's, St. Paul's Methodist Church ... only recently reached my ears—great congregations, wide influence in the city and all that. I have wondered about these reports — how authentic they might be. Now I know. Dr. Kennedy must be a true preacher of the gospel or he could not have written this book. I have not read in a long time a book addressed to preachers that has so gripped and helped me. I have not been greatly edified by books on preaching. Though I have been a preacher for many years, I have paid very little attention to the *art* of preaching. Just stand up and preach! At least that is what I think I do! The value of this book as a guide in the art of preaching is beyond measure. But it is much more than a manual of the preaching art. Its chief contribution has to do with the content, the message, of the sermon. This comes out in what is to me the outstanding chapter entitled, "The Tension of Meeting," by which he means that the purpose of all preaching is to confront men with God. We fail to do this when we deal overmuch with abstractions—theological or moral abstractions. We talk too much about what people *ought* to do. But it is our business to open men's hearts so that God himself will meet them and tell them what they ought to do. Ponder on this, my brethren. It may change the whole temper of your preaching.

A Thought for the Month

THE MIRACLE of the first Easter Day was more than the fact that Christ had risen. That was part of the miracle but not all of it. The rest was supplied by the faith of the disciples for whom it became the proof and assurance of man's immortality. Time was required for them to grasp this meaning. At first they saw only the Messiah at God's right hand who would come again and perform the messianic work from which he was cut off by his crucifixion. But when his return was delayed, their reflections turned to a more spiritual interpretation. Christ, they said, is here, among us, and within us. His living presence created in them the consciousness of a new life—we, too, they said, have been raised with him! This new life was *another* life, begun here but not ended here, because it was the revelation of the very life of God in them. The early church cherished this assurance of immortality as their most distinctive and precious possession. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall be manifested we shall be like him." Their faith in a future life was not an achievement of reasoning, but a consciousness of Christ's presence who could not be holden of death. There are some good philosophical arguments for immortality, but the best of them are hard to grasp and frail to lean upon. However, the Christian faith in eternal life does not rest upon these arguments. It rests at last upon the character of God. His character was revealed in Jesus Christ who vanquished death and brought life and immortality to light. Such a God will not cast his children to the void. The earnest of man's immortality is his possession of eternal life now—that new life which the living presence of Christ bestows upon all who love and obey him.

The Easter Revelation

Charles Clayton Morrison



FOR THE OPEN-MINDED MINISTER

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Gerald Kennedy is pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Lincoln, Nebraska. HIS WORD THROUGH PREACHING is based on lectures delivered at Union Theological Seminary. **$2.50**

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